

Show Me

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Category: Hairspray
Genre: Friendship, Romance
Language: English
Status: Completed
Published: 2007-09-15 06:47:11
Updated: 2007-10-30 19:55:11
Packaged: 2016-04-26 17:02:51
Rating: T
Chapters: 3
Words: 4,672
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: A series of mostly unrelated oneshots concerning Corny, Amber, and several important firsts in her life. CornyAmber, of course!

1. Kiss Me

This is just something short I wanted to write. Some of you might think it's a little pervy, but that's okay. I'll probably post a new chapter of Fight Your Way Out either tomorrow or Sunday, I haven't started writing it yet, but it shouldn't take too long. Anyway, I think that's it. Enjoy!

* * *

>"So, big date tonight?" She caught the sight of his reflection in the vanity mirror and lowered her gaze to the cosmetic brushes, letting her fingertips run over the soft bristles. She straightened her backbone, sitting upright on the stool and narrowing her steely blue gaze at her own reflection, trying to focus on anything but the presence of the man behind her. <p>He crossed his arms, letting himself lean against the wall as he watched her. She let herself watch him in the mirror before slowly turning to look at him, strands of her blonde hair slipping into her face. She pushed them from her eyes and glared over her shoulder at him, the cool air caressing the skin on her shoulders that wasn't covered by the thin dress straps.<p>

"Is there a reason you're watching me?" She tried to make herself sound older, more mature than her sixteen years. She could see from the smirk on his face that he enjoyed the way her cheeks flushed as she spoke to him; he enjoyed the way she got flustered when he watched her with his dark blue eyes.

"Yes, actually, there is. I asked you a question, and you haven't answered me." She glared at him, and the corners of his smooth lips turned into a smile. Amber could vaguely make out the hint of a five

o'clock shadow around his jaw line, and it made her stomach quiver slightly. "I said, hot date tonight?"

"I don't have to tell you anything." It was true, of course. He wasn't anyone special; just because she danced on his show didn't mean that she owed him any kind of explanation for anything. She turned back to the mirror, her cheeks flushing as she fumbled through the tiny drawer in the vanity, finally finding the small piece of paper and clutching it to her chest. She glanced again at the scribbled words, swallowing hard before sliding the slip of paper onto the vanity's surface and glancing at the thin watch on her wrist. She had forty minutes to get home, change into the new dress that Link had bought her especially for this occasion, fix her hair, reapply her make-up, and pretend that she'd spent all day preparing for it when he pulled his car up to the curb in front of her house at exactly eight o'clock.

"No, you don't have to tell me." He said the words himself, but took a step closer to her, letting his hand fall down to cover the slip of paper she'd held just a moment before, and clutching it between his strong fingers. She squealed, reaching for it, and she stood as he pulled away. She inadvertently knocked the stool over and stepped over it quickly, reaching for the paper that he held out of her reach, unrolling it and letting his eyes read the letters quickly.

"Give it to me!" Her voice was high-pitched, child-like in its shrillness. She hopped on her toes, letting her fingers reach for the paper. "Corny, give it back, you arrogant-"

"_Amber_," he read from the paper, his lips smirking, "_I'll pick you up at eight o'clock. Wear that yellow dress I bought you. I'll take you to see the view from the hills. Link_." He glanced down at her from beneath raised eyebrows. "Wow. What a charmer. The hills, huh? I guess he's going to be getting more than a handshake goodnight."

He let the slip of paper fall from his fingers and she hurried to catch it in her thin fingers, scowling at him as she shoved it into the drawer of her vanity.

"You jackass," she growled the words at him.

He _tsk_ed softly, furrowing his brows.

"Such a strong vocabulary," he reprimanded her gently, "do you kiss your mother with that mouth?"

Her pink lips formed a perfect O of shock, and she shook her head quickly.

"You have no right! Link is-"

"He's what?" Corny was dangerously close to her now, and she could feel his eyes watching her. "He's a fine dancer, Amber. I'd even go as far as saying he's a _good_ singer. But, seriouslyâ€¦ he's suggesting what you should wear on a date, and he's taking you to a place that's notorious for making out." He rolled his eyes pretentiously at her. "Classy, Amber. Very classy."

She felt her cheeks burning, and pursed her lips together, glaring up

at him.

"You think you're so smooth," she hissed the words, "just because you're a million years older than anyone on this show doesn't mean you've got a million times more experience. Everyone has to start somewhere, Corny."

The smug look was suddenly gone from his face, and he cocked his head, his eyes narrowing slightly at her.

"Start?" He said the word like it was a joke, and she pulled her lips together, swallowing hard before turning her head from him. She sucked her breath in, her cheeks becoming hollow as she focused her gaze past his head. "Amber," his voice was firm now, and it caused her to look at him, "You're telling me you've never kissed Link before?"

"No!" She spat the word quickly, her eyelashes fluttering as the heat rose in her face, and her voice lowered to a whisper. "Yes."

She was flushed suddenly, and worried for a moment that she might have a fever, and that she might have to cancel her date with Link. As he took another step toward her, she felt another heat wave rush through her, and looked up at him, suddenly feeling frightened to be so close to him.

"Amber," his deep voice said her name, and she was no longer afraid. She let herself gaze into the deep blue of his eyes, her tongue darting out to moisten her lips. He held her gaze, letting his fingers skim her jaw line. "This is going to be your first kiss. You're going to remember this for the rest of your life."

She felt herself nodding against his gentle touch, her eyes studying the creases in his face, the lines that only came with years of maturity, and wisdom. Link didn't have those lines; his face was as smooth as a child's.

"Do you want you to remember your first kiss because you were wearing a dress that someone made you wear? Do you want you to remember it at a place you didn't want to be?" He took another step toward her, his fingers gently pressing into the soft flesh of her smooth cheek. "That's something you never forget. Linkâ€¦" he swallowed hard, "he doesn't know that. He doesn't realize how important it's going to be. He doesn't know that you're going to live with it forever."

Amber sighed softly at his fingers caressed her velvet lips, and he leaned into her.

"Is that how you want to remember your first kiss, Amber?" Each word was agonizing, teasing her. "Do you want it to be awkward, and messy? Is that what you want?"

She shook her head, and without another word he was upon her, his mouth covering hers in a quick motion. His tongue slipped between her lips, working around her mouth expertly, and she let herself moan around him. She felt her knees weakening as he pressed his mouth against hers, letting his hand fall to the small of her back to support her as she began to tremble. He worked his lips over hers, gently taking the flesh of her bottom lip between his teeth, causing her to sigh softly.

He pulled his mouth from hers slowly, his eyes watching her as she lingered in the moment, her lips tingling, her cheeks burning. His fingers traced down her cheek, and she shuddered softly, her eyelids slowly opening to look at him. She felt the smile pressing onto her face as he watched her expectantly.

"That was a first kiss, Amber. And that is how it should be."

She nodded, his fingers lingering on her cheek. Suddenly, she didn't care that she might be late for the date. She was too busy wondering what else he may have been able to teach her.

* * *

>I don't know...I might end up turning this into a series of unrelated one-shots...I'm not really sure yet. <div>

2. Drive Me

I decided to go along with the unrelated one-shot idea... I have quite a few more in mind. Enjoy!

* * *

>"Amber, you really *must* listen to me when I tell you something; especially right now." His voice was deep, and he was dangerously close to her. She rolled her blue eyes in their sockets, shaking her blonde head, the twin ponytails brushing against the back of her neck. She let her fingers grip the wheel tighter, refusing to turn her head to look at him. Instead, she decided to stare straight ahead, through the windshield, and at the rocky parking lot in front of her. Right now, this mess of gravel and faded yellow lines was more than just a place where empty cars sat every weekday from nine to five; right now, it was her ticket to freedom. She didn't want him hanging over her shoulder, breathing into her ear, no matter how irresistible she found it. But, the fact was, she did need him hanging over her right now; at least until she passed her test and was officially licensed to drive without an adult in the car. Until then, he would continue to peer over her shoulder like a hawk, his blue eyes scrutinizing every move she made.

"Don't roll your eyes at me," he scolded her softly, and she turned to look at him finally, pursing her lips and watching him with narrowed eyes. "Do you want to learn to do this, or not?" His voice was so calm, couldn't have been any more nonchalant. She knew that he'd just as soon take her home as teach her how to maneuver this car, and felt herself nodding.

"Of course I want to learn," she said the words stupidly, and he watched her with an arched eyebrow before moving crossing his arms over his chest and leaning back against the seat.

"Good girl. Now, the first thing you have to do is turn the car on." She scoffed at him, letting her nimble fingers work the key into the ignition.

"I know how to do that, Corny. I'm not an idiot." She mumbled the words under her breath as the car shuddered and started, and looked

toward him smugly. He watched her blankly, the corners of his lips turning into a frown.

"Amber." It was a warning tone, and her facial features contorted into a tight pout as she slumped in the driver's seat. He worked a hand between her back and the seat, pressing the palm of his fingers against the small of her back and forcing her to sit up straight. "Don't pout, Amber, it's so unbecoming. You look like a dog when you do."

She wanted to yell at him, tell him not to touch her, but knew she wouldn't. Since that first day he'd kissed her in front of her vanity mirror, she'd taken every opportunity she could to get next to him, and when her mother had told her that she'd have to find someone to teach her to drive, Corny was the only sensible answer. She'd asked him, and though he'd pretended to toy with the idea for a small while, he agreed to give her the first driving lesson she'd had. Of course, he would never admit that he had wanted to; he had pretended to consider it some sort of community service.

"I'm not a dog," she barked back at him, and he glared at her, no words needed to illustrate his point.

"Just turn around in your seat and look ahead of you, Fido." He pretended to be annoyed with her, pretended to treat her like a child, but his fingers resting delicately on the nape of her neck told her that he was putting on false pretenses. She did as she was told, and he let his fingers slip away from her, pointing to the gear shift. "Okay. Now slowly, I repeat slowly and while pressing your foot on the brake, pull that little black knob towards you."

"Corny, don't speak to me like I'm some sort of dumb animal." She rolled her eyes, pulling the black shift toward her quickly, sending them forward with a quick jolt that left their hearts pounding in their chests. He huffed loudly, reaching over with a quick motion and turning the ignition into the off position, causing the car to sputter to a stop and go silent beneath their feet.

"Really, Amber. Now is not the time to mount your high horse." She crossed her arms over her chest, frustrated at the feeling of being immobile once again. "Look at me." She refused to turn to him, slumping so that her chin rested against the top of her chest. He reached over quickly, taking her face into his hand and turning it toward him, his other hand moving behind her back again to straighten her posture. "Don't slouch, and look at me."

She let him turn her face to his, the feeling of his thick fingers holding her delicate chin. She let her eyes meet his, and he nodded slowly.

"You cannot begin to drive if you're going to refuse to let me teach you." He kept his eyes locked on hers, "We are, at the moment, in an utterly empty parking lot, and I am still in fear for my life. Doesn't that say something to you?"

She gritted her teeth, glaring at him.

"You don't have to treat me like a child," she said the words through clenched teeth, and he tilted his head to the side slightly, letting his fingers push a mess of golden curls behind one of her ears.

"Of course I don't," he acknowledged, bringing his face closer to hers, tempting her with the feeling of being so excruciatingly close to his lips. "But we both know you like it when I order you around, so you can just stop the hurt little princess act right now." He kept his head close to hers, watching her face as she turned away from him. "Got it?" His words were sharp, and she nodded her head slowly. He smirked.

"Good. Now start the car again, and I expect you to listen to me this time."

She let herself listen to each word, letting her hands move to shift each gear, make each turn. Her fingers gripped the steering wheel, her knuckles turning white from the pressure of her grasp. The car would come to an abrupt halt each time she slammed her foot upon the brake, making both of them lurch forward in their seats. She heard Corny sigh loudly beside her, his breath coming evenly as he tried to steady his racing heart. She turned to look at him, the car still in motion.

"What's wrong with you?" She wondered innocently, her foot still pressing against the gas pedal.

"We're still moving, and you're looking at me instead of the road, that's what's wrong with me." He glanced at her through furrowed brows, instructing her to look through the windshield. She turned, abruptly started and stopped a few more times, and turned to look at him again, smiling slyly.

"You're afraid, aren't you?" She grinned as she spoke, her tongue slipping out into the space between her top and bottom rows of teeth. "I can't believe this, this is great!" She shifted happily in her seat, giggling softly.

"Of course I am," he rolled his eyes in her general direction, "I'm teaching the most uncoordinated person in Baltimore to drive. I think my life just flashed before my eyes."

His hand moved to the back of her neck, tickling it gently with his fingers, and causing her to slam on the brakes again. She looked angrily over at him.

"You're going to make me wreck!" She cried accusingly, and he lowered his face to hers.

"Well, Amber, you're going to have a lot of roadside distractions, I just want to make sure you're prepared to deal with them," he smirked, his lips kissing the base of her neck gently, his fingers moving to turn off the ignition of the car again.

Amber groaned gently, impatient to get on with her lesson, but the tingling in her belly increasing as he kissed her. His mouth moved to her ear.

"First rule of driving, Amber," he chided her softly, "Never fool around with the car in gear. It ruins the mood."

She let his mouth cover hers, her hands working up to tangle in his dark hair as he kissed her. She sighed against his lips and he pulled

back suddenly, regaining his composure as he slipped back into his spot beside her.

"Now," he cleared his throat casually, "Show me what I've taught you so far."

She nodded dumbly, shaking as she moved toward him again. He held his hand out, stroking her cheek as she tried to kiss him again.

"Not about that," he chuckled softly, "driving, remember?"

"Oh, right," she sighed softly, shifting back in her seat. Although suddenly it seemed like there was more fun to be had inside of the car when it was turned off.

3. Fix Me

So I kinda forgot about this story until I was going through some of my stuff, and I saw it, and I thought I should update. So, I wrote this today. Hope you enjoy!

* * *

>She could pretend it didn't matter; pretend that her heart wasn't broken into a million different pieces. It would be easier that way, after all. It would be easier to mask the pain with a nasty smirk, easier to hide it behind the ugly names she could call Link and Tracy. It would be easier to hurt them than to ever let on that she herself was in pain. That was the way she had always prepared herself for this; the first time her heart would be broken. She had always told herself that she wouldn't sit around and mope. Told herself that she wouldn't get mad, she'd get even.<p><p>

Still, as she sat here now, her shoulders slumped and aching from the fall she'd taken from that rocket throne, the one that had rightfully been hers for three years, she couldn't even begin to think about getting any sort of revenge. There was a gaping pain inside of her, where her heart pounded just inside her chest, and it was because of him, because of them. Because even though she'd told herself that what they'd had wasn't genuine, she'd let herself believe it for a while. Being rejected, especially for Tracy was a humiliating experience; one Amber vowed to never let herself be put through again.

She pulled her silky white gloves off, tossing them aside and letting her slender fingers wipe the burgeoning tears from her eyes. Her emotion came out in black smudges, and she sniffled quietly, refusing to look up at herself in her vanity mirror. The pageant had long since been over, and her mother was only a few rooms away, collecting the few things that belonged to her in this studio before she was gone from it forever. Amber knew that if Velma caught her crying, especially over something as petty as a boy, she would be tormented for it. Still, and although she knew that what she and Link had had could barely be called an honest relationship, her heart had betrayed her. She had let herself believe that some part of him had cared for some part of her. Apparently, she'd been wrong.

She heard the clack of dress shoes behind her and clenched her teeth, straightening her posture and turning her face away from the oncoming

intruder. She felt a whimpering sob beginning to rise in her chest and pushed it away, letting her eyes drop to the surface of her vanity, desperate not to let anyone see what she'd been doing.

The shoes slowed to a stop almost directly behind her, and she felt her cheeks flush. She could feel a presence behind her, could sense him standing there, his eyes drilling into the back of her head, and it made her angry suddenly. What right did he have to expect anything from her right now? What was he waiting on? She spun on the stool suddenly, her eyes narrowing into slits of blue hatred as she caught his facial expression.

"What do you want, Corny?" She spit the words at him, and he let his arms cross over his chest, watching her with a self-satisfied look.

"Amber Von Tussle has emotions?" He let himself ask the question, his eyes tracing over the tear streaks that had betrayed her confidence.

"Leave me the hell alone." She turned back to her vanity, dropping her head into her hands. She sure as hell didn't need to hear it from him right now. As if she hadn't already been kicked to the ground; it wasn't necessary to let him stomp on her while she was down.

"Is that really what you want?" His voice was taunting now, teasing her for her tears, for allowing herself to showcase any kind of emotion, she was sure of it. She glared at him through the reflection, her cheeks burning in shame and humiliation.

"Yes!" She hissed the word at him, swallowing hard and attempting to remember the breathing exercises that she'd done just hours ago to calm her nerves during the pageant. She dropped her head into her hands, her fingers covering her eyes and attempting to erase the tears, the humiliation, from her face. She let her shoulders slump, and listened as she was sure she heard him walk away.

She felt that pathetic sob rising again, and let herself give into it this time, her chest heaving as the rush of emotion hit her. She tried to steady her breathing, tried to keep her body in control, but she began to tremble as she cried, whimpering softly and pressing her face into her hands. She had gotten into a million fights before; she'd nearly had her eyes clawed out by several of the council girls before, and she'd done little more than smirk at the pain. This hurt, though, was different. It was a form of some sort of emotional torture, she was quite certain. It actually caused her heart physical pain, actually made Amber Von Tussle cry. She couldn't stand to look in the mirror; couldn't stand to look at the wretched reflection of the sobbing girl that looked like her, yet surely couldn't be. That was something she'd never had to deal with.

"Amber—" she heard his voice behind her again, speaking softly. She didn't recognize the tone as patronizing or taunting. It wasn't the tone her mother addressed her in when she was frustrated or annoyed with her. It was a softer tone that Corny used, speaking almost as if were attempting to apologize for her pain. Still, he was invading the little bit of privacy she had, and the personal space that she took seriously.

She turned quickly on him, narrowing her watery eyes at him.

"I told you to leave me alone!" She lashed out suddenly, grabbing a glass figurine that had been sitting nondescriptly on the vanity. She clutched it in her hand and turned suddenly, preparing to throw it at his head; anything to make him give her some much-needed privacy. Her arm rose in preparation as she turned quickly, and his fingers caught her wrist gently, holding it, causing the figurine to drop to the floor, shattering into hundreds of pieces. She raised her eyes to him, her lips trembling. He pulled her to her feet carefully, his eyes watching her face.

"I'm the only one who hasn't left you alone, Amber." His face was serious, and he let his lips twitch into a frown. His words sent a rush of anger through her and she used her other hand to hit him suddenly, slapping her fingers across the smooth skin of his cheek. She pulled back suddenly, glaring at him, and he studied her with dark eyes.

"Get away from me." Her voice was low and threatening.

"No." He kept his eyes focused on her, and she pulled her wrist from his grasp suddenly, hissing at him.

"I hate you," she spit the words at him; "do you hear me? I hate you. You've done nothing but make my life miserable since the moment I've met you."

"I'm going to ignore that because I know that you're hurting, even if you won't admit it."

His words were true, and they hit her hard, leaving a strange stinging sensation in her stomach.

"I'm not hurt," she gritted her teeth. He stepped back, watching her with an expression that she could only interpret as smugness. The idea of it sent a flush through her cheeks, and she sneered at him, her mind crying out suddenly. Her heart was aching now, and she revolted against the unfamiliar feeling, hitting him again suddenly, pounding on his chest, hitting his arms with her hands. She felt the tears burning her eyes, and fought him harder. His arms found her, encircling her, holding her tight to him, his mouth finding her ear.

"It's okay," he hushed her suddenly, holding her to him, "it's going to hurt, Amber. It has to; your heart has been broken."

"No!" She cried the word suddenly, still fighting him, the tears finally escaping again, causing her body to shake with sobs. She sucked her breath in quickly, "This isn't supposed to happen to me!" She buried her head in his shoulder suddenly, trembling with her tears, suddenly wanting, no, needing this comfort he was offering. "This doesn't happen to me, Corny!"

"It does," he hushed her gently, his fingers tracing up her spine as she sobbed against him, "it happens to everyone, Amber." She began to clutch at his shirt, her fingers curling against him as she wept, no longer trying to deny the fact that she felt completely devastated. "You'll find someone better." He spoke the obligatory words; the ones he knew he was supposed to say, "You know that."

She suddenly let him console her; she let him stroke her back and whisper those inevitably comforting words into her ear, shuddering against him. And though her heart still ached with every single beat, the feel of his warm arms around her had already begun to help ease the pain.

Never in a million years would she have believed that Corny Collins was the one person who would help mend her first broken heart; and yet, that was exactly what was happening.

End
file.